

The Bayonet



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A. M. A. Bayonet

"Ad Astra per Aspera"

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No. 6

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Messrs. Capt. George and Orderly Sergt. J. T. Cook, Sergt. Maj. T. B. Sterrett, Sergts. Bertram and Thomas. Cadets Harman, Easley, Routt, Randolph and Matthews. Cadets H. W. and R. S. Rountree spent the Easter vacation in Harrisonburg visiting their sister, Mrs. E. B. Crawford.

Mrs. Waters of Baltimore, was one of the Easter visitors at school, coming over to spend the vacation with her sons, Francis and Theodore.

Keyser Price was another visitor at school during our holidays. Mr. Price was Capt. of B. Co. last year and has a host of friends not only among the "old boys," but also among the new fellows, and we are always glad to see our old friend "Duck."

Cadet Jordan, '05, but now a cadet at V. M. I., was with us long enough to see most of his old friends. Mr. Jordan intends to enter the army after leaving V. M. I., and we hope he will retain the winning ways which have won his many school friends.

Editorial

The corps on a whole enjoyed the Easter vacation very much, although it was too short for most of the boys to go home. Maj. Roller helped us to enjoy ourselves by allowing us to wear our citizen's clothes which was greatly appreciated. The boys who had the pleasure of spending the vacation at home were:

Cadet Sergt. Hatten has gone to Hot Springs with the hope that he may be cured of his rheumatism. We hope to have him with us again in his usual good health.

Cadet Mitchell has gone to his home in Graham, Va., on a two week's furlough.

Holloway, of Lexington, Kentucky, has withdrawn from school on account of having weak eyes. Mr. Holloway will not only be missed by the cadets, but also by one of the fair sex in our neighborhood, as he was always acting the part of "the body guard."

We should all be taking advantage of our spare moments and get down to good work from now on. It is only a very short time till our final exams. begins and we will all profit by a little work when we have nothing else to do. We should all want to make this the "banner year" for our school and now is the time to work hardest.

ALL WERE NOTABLES.

Hon. Joseph Chamberlain and Lord Rosebery were returning from the theatre one night. While crossing the street they were accosted by a ragged boy, who, after sweeping the mud from their path,

asked for alms.

Lord Rosebery was about to give the boy a coin when an idea struck him. "My boy," said Rosebery, "if you will hit that policeman a swat on the back with your muddy broom I will give you 10 shillings." Promptly to the word the boy crept in back of the officer and, raising his broom, struck him in the back, then turned and ran, but to the dismay of Rosebery, the officer caught the boy after a chase of a few yards.

Not wanting to leave the boy in a fix, Rosebery tried to fix things up with the officer, but the worthy gentlemen would not listen and took them all three up to the station.

They were taken before the judge of the station, and, after surveying them through his glasses, he took down a book and, turning to Chamberlain, asked his name. "Hon. Joseph Chamberlain," was the reply, and the judge smiled.

Rosebery responded also with his full title, "Lord Rosebery."

The boy was next, and, stepping to the front, he drew himself up to his full height and waited for the usual question, "Your name?"

"My name?" said the boy. "Well, judge, I'm not the kind

what goes back on me pals; I'm
the 'Duke of Wellington.'"—Ex.

And send me back some wedding
cake.

R. S. R.

Many have been inquiring why.
Richey's stopped coming over to
practice base ball. Possibly some
one who watched the Dayton game
would know.

Mistery of mess hall. Or why did
Mathews discontinue rapping on
the table as a signal to the Waitor.

Your eyes are like diamonds,

Your pictures are fine,

Here is to you darling,

I wish you mine.

Remember me, is all I ask,

Remember me, if it's not a task,

Remember me, and so will I,

Remember you until I die.

Remember me from all the rest,

Remember me who loves you
best.

And when my grave becomes my
bed,

Remember me when I am dead.

When far away my love you carry,

And some little fellow you
marry,

Remember me for old times sake

"HOUSE OF

WORSHIP PLUS MAN."

All hail to dear Virginia,

To both her slouch and neat,

All hail to the dear old Virgin
state,

All hail, for she can't be beat.

All hail to the dear old "farmer"
lad

Who "bunks" in thirty-five,

Who is as slow as father time,

Oh, he's too slow to thrive.

He never misses a day at school,

And hooray to him for that;

But what can a man accomplish

When his brains are like those
of a gnat.

His feet are as large as flat boats,

His eyes look like a search light,

His nose resembles a toper's,

His face would give you a fright.

When speaking of good table man-
ners,

He turns his deaf ear to such
talk,

For he really knows the use,

Of neither knife nor fork.

A vivid description I'd give you,

But this would not be right,
For it would be as black as a storm
On a bleak December night.

E. M. R.

"PINE-KNOT JACK."

"Pine-knot Jack" of Pulaski, re-
nowned

With the air of a true sport, he
walks around
As tough as a pine-knot, as neat as
a dandy,

The girls all like him for pen-
ants and candy.

No task is too great for him to
undertake,

No human power can his pur-
pose shake;

A friend to good, a foe to bad,

No better friend than "Jack" is
to be had.

Of all this man of might,

His heart alone isn'tright,

For if you but mention "calico,"

His heart "pit-a-pat" begins to
go.

If he hears that ladies are near,

In that direction he begins to
steer;

A hit with the ladies he always
makes

All hearts, away with him he
takes.

He has a friend from Philippi, who
is equally as bad;

And really their case is very sad,
With the same disease they are
afflicted,

And to the same habits are
addicted.

And where can it be that his charm
lies?

Is it behind those glasses in the
dreamy eyes?

No, it's those sweet smiles and
winning ways,

That "Pine-knot Jack" will prac-
tice the rest of his days.

THE MODERN "NATTY
BUMPPPO."

"Natty Bumppo" from Milboro
town,

A bold hunter of great renown.
At the very mention of his name,
"Them deers" tremble and rab-
bits do the same.

Monarch of the forest is he,

As he climbs the mountain,
strong and free.

In the distance he hears the bay of
the hound,

And his heart leaps for joy at
the sound,

Nearer and nearer draws the chase
And a smile overspreads the
hunter's face.

With a hunter's wisdom "Natty
takes the stand,

Waits for the deer, with his gun
in hand.

A noble stag springs into view,
The hunter takes aim and fires
true,

And when the smoke has cleared
away,

Natty stands there, victor of the
day,

For there at his feet lay a noble
deer,

"A trophy of his bow and spear."

"Natty Bumpo" is not his real
name,

But that only will equal his
fame,

By his right name he is known to
all

For in addition to hunting he
can also play ball,

To see him "ketch" that ball is a
treat,

And at "skeeting" bases he is
hard to beat.

Above everything he is a jolly good
fellow,

No one can accuse him of being

"yellow."

As a football player he was among
the best,

For the proper spirit burned in
his breast.

Rather than say that he was down,
He left all his cleats in the
ground.

In basketball he was also good,
Because "shoot them goals" he
certainly could.

I can say of him what can be said
of only a few,

That he is not a bit "stuck-up"
over what he can do,

And if he is a friend to you,

He is a real friend, loyal and
true.

C. J. C.

LOST, LIBERAL REWARD OFFERED

One base ball player on account
of bad eyes. One day of school.
Two games of ball. Three Cadets
during Easter vacation. One ball
in wheat field during Bridgewater
game. One nights rest on account
of ghosts. Keys to hen-house in
new barracks. Much school spirit
and more valuable time. Don't
forget reward offered if restored.



...Athletics...



ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

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Cadet J. H. Burdette

VICE-PRESIDENT

Cadet E. W. Gardner

TREASURER

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FOOTBALL TEAM

CAPTAIN AND MANAGER

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Cadet H. M. Venable

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Captain C. Q. Byrd

BASKET BALL TEAM

CAPTAIN

Major C. S. Roller, Jr.

ASSISTANT CAPTAIN

Cadet George C. Cook

COACH AND MANAGER

Captain C. F. Spencer

BASEBALL TEAM

CAPTAIN AND MANAGER

Captain C. F. Spencer

ROLLERS, 8, F. M. S. 5.

ONE OF the fastest games of ball that has so far been here this season was with Fishburne Military school April 10.

Capt Fitzer, with his band of baseball warriors, arrived at our School intending to take Roller's scalp back to Waynesboro, but by timely hitting we managed to disappoint him.

Col. Roller, who pitched for us received fine support and Fishburn's twirler also pitched a nice game but he did not receive the support due him.

Scott Gardner played his position on second in old time form, and strengthened the team very much.

Gallagher on short, and Gardner, M., on third, also fielded their positions in good style, while Captain Spencer took excellent care of the initial bag.

The game was a close one, and it was hard to decide which team would be victorious.

A strong wind was quite a hinderance to both pitcher and batter, and one or two flies were missed on account of this.

Our team scored four runs in

the firstinning and for a while things were not looking very bright for Fishburne. But they pulled together in the second and brought the score up to 5 to 4 in their favor. After this it was more even. First one team would have the lead and then the other.

F. M. S. was last to the bat with the score 8 to 6 in our favor. Col. Roller had 4 batters to face him in the last inning and struck the first two out. The 3rd got to first but the 4th man struck out and the game ended with the score 8 to 6 in favor of Rollers.

Both teams played good straight ball from start to finish.

ROLLERS	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Maj. Roller, c	3	2	1	13	1	0
Capt. Spencer 1b	5	0	2	5	2	1
Gallagher, ss	5	0	0	3	2	1
Gardner, S., 2b	5	0	0	3	3	0
Burdette, rf	4	1	1	0	0	0
Cook, lf	3	1	1	1	0	0
Gardner, M., 3b	3	1	0	0	1	1
Pole, cf	2	1	0	0	1	1
Col. Roller, p	3	2	1	1	2	0
Total,	33	8	6	27	12	2

F. M. S.	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Fetzer	3	0	2	0	0	1
Duncan	5	1	1	0	1	1
Smith	4	0	1	1	3	0
Talbat	4	0	1	11	0	0
Efird, J.	4	0	3	0	0	2
Rayli	4	1	1	4	4	1
Brand	2	1	0	0	0	0
Efird, W.	2	2	0	11	1	1
Cannon	4	1	1	0	4	0
Talley	2	0	0	0	0	0
Total,	34	6	7	27	12	6

ROLLERS 6.

BRIDGEWATER 1

ON APRIL 18th Bridgewater with a mighty band of rooters drove over to Rollers intending to wipe them off the map, but instead they were very much surprised to find themselves clearly outstripped at every turn.

Col. Roller pitched for our team while Capt. Roller was at the receiving end, and they certainly put the "vogie" to the boys from Bridgewater.

When the Bridgewater team arrived on the field in their brilliant baseball uniforms of red and yellow, they made a very striking picture and looked warlike and thirsty, but they were really not as formidable as they appeared.

Neither side scored until the 4th inning when our team made four runs.

Bridgewater's pitcher pitched an excellent game, but received very poor support from his team. Our fellows, however, played together like clock work and gave Col. Roller good support.

Cook in left field got some very hard flies which would have meant runs if he had failed to hold them. Scott Gardner played the same good swift ball, and Gardner did good work for Rollers on 3rd.

Bridgewater brought with them

some of their young ladies to cheer them up and give them the proper fighting spirit. This was very helpful to the Bridgewater team, and in the 7th inning, with the score 4 to 0 in our favor, one of their players was so stirred by the song, "Throw out the Life Line," that he knocked a home run which saved Bridgewater from a goose egg. The rest of the team were hard hearted and did not respond to the cheering songs of their fair rooters. And so the valiant Red and Yellow was defeated with the score 6 to 1 in favor of Rollers.

The following is the score of the game:

A. M. A.	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Capt. Roller, c	4	1	1	6	0	1
Capt. Spencer, 1b	4	1	1	10	2	0
Col. Roller, p	4	1	0	0	4	0
Burdette, rf	3	0	0	2	0	0
Gardner, S. 2b	4	0	0	3	3	0
Gardney, M. 3b	3	0	0	2	2	0
Gallagher, ss	4	1	0	1	1	3
Cook, lf	3	1	1	2	0	0
Pole, cf	2	1	1	1	0	0
Total,	31	6	4	27	12	3

BRIDGEWATER

Miller, W.	4	0	0	1	0	0
Myers, S.	4	1	1	11	4	2
Price	4	0	0	0	0	0
Hoover	4	0	2	10	2	0
Turk	3	0	0	1	4	1
Anthony	3	0	0	0	0	0
Sipe	3	0	0	1	1	0
Miller, A.	3	0	0	3	3	2
Total,	32	1	3	27	14	7

SCHOOL SPIRIT.

SCHOOL spirit is one of the most important things in a School, it is the foundation. No matter how good buildings, able teachers and fine situation a school has, it amounts to nothing as long as the proper school spirit is lacking. The faculty may make laws and lay down rules, yet all this is worthless without the co-operation of the students.

The student is the school and this is where school spirit originates. The faculty can influence it to a certain extent, but can not form it.

Boys, I think we have good school spirit here and let's keep it up.

Is it school spirit to root for your team when it is winning and go to "knocking" it whenever a little bad luck is struck? If this is school spirit then we don't want to keep it, let it die. No, this is not school spirit, this is the spirit that knocks all the fire out of the Athletic teams.

How can you expect to have a team if the members know that as soon as the game is over, they will be criticised and "knocked" for every play they made?

Boys, don't get discouraged if your team is losing, for this is

when the real good of "rooting" comes in. It makes the team put forth the best in them. When they see that they are being backed they will strive "to do or die." Remember, that if you can't root for and encourage the team then keep quiet and don't discourage them. Among the worst evils of a school or rather misfortunes, the "knocker" must be classed. And the school in general has its opinion of the man who is continually complaining of the school, of the athletic teams and always talking about partiality. If a fellow cannot encourage and root for our teams and hold up for the school, then why on earth doesn't he go to some school that he will like. If you don't like the team get out and try to beat some one for his place. I am sure if you prove to be the best man, you will take the other fellow's place, and the team will be that much better. That beats "knocking" by far. The "knocker" is generally the man who gets "sore" because he can't play any ball. Old A. M. A. already has a reputation for her honor and the fidelity of her sons—shall we let it suffer at this late day?

C. J. C.

A. M. A. 12, S. V. B. C. 1
OUR team defeated Shenandoah Valley Business College on the home grounds April 6th.

This was the third game of the season and was "easy money" from start to finish. Our boys batted one pitcher out of the box and did about as well for another. The Harrisonburg team fielded their positions very badly, and lacked the snappy ball playing which was shown by Rollers.

Capt. Spencer pitched a crack game, striking out eight men. Gallagher on short got some hot grounders, and Pole in centre field caught some difficult flies.

The one unfavorable feature of the game was that it was tame, and looked more like a practice game than a real game of base ball.

It seemed as though Rollers would shut their opponents out, but in the last inning they scored one run, making the score 12 to 1 in our favor.

The following is a score and summary of the game in full.

ROLLERS	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Roller, C. S., c	5	2	1	6	2	1
Spencer, p	5	3	0	1	2	1
Gallagher, ss	3	2	1	2	3	0
Burdett, rf	4	1	3	1	0	1
Cook, lf	3	0	1	2	0	0
Wunder, 1b	3	1	0	9	2	0
Warner, 2b	5	1	1	5	5	2

Gardner, 3b	5	1	1	0	2	0
Pole, cf	5	1	1	1	0	1
	—	—	—	—	—	—
Total,	38	12	9	27	16	6
S. V. B. C						
Perry, c	3	0	1	9	0	1
Guyer, p	4	0	0	1	5	1
W. Snell, ss	3	1	1	1	2	5
Hyde, 3b	4	0	0	0	1	3
Johnson, 2b	4	0	0	1	5	0
E. Snell, 1b	3	0	0	15	2	4
Brown, cf	8	0	0	0	0	1
Ringer, lf	3	0	0	0	0	0
Allbright, rf	3	0	0	0	0	0
Burkett, p	0	0	0	0	0	0
	—	—	—	—	—	—
Total,	20	1	2	27	27	13

Summary.—Two base hits, Burdett; double play, Gallager, Warner, Wunder; earned runs, 0. Struck out by Spencer, 8; base on balls, 2; hit, 2; wild pitch, 1. Struck out by Guyer, 6; base on balls, 0; hit, 2; wild pitch, 1.

A JOKE THAT WAS NOT APPRECIATED.

The authorities of the Clemson College, S. C., recently expelled over three hundred students. This was a pretty stiff dose of discipline to administer all at once, but the case was one that called for the drastic treatment. As an April Fool joke almost the whole corps of students broke ranks and marched off into the country to spend

the day. They relied upon the strength of numbers to escape punishment for this offense, but they were reckoning without their host. Now they are all at their homes, helping with the spring work on the farm, and doubtless they begin to realize "what fools we mortals be."

The faculty did just the right thing. Instead of allowing a lot of half-grown school boys to defy authority and do as they please it is far better to send them home where they may receive individual treatment at the hands of "the governor." Fortunately, the old farmer back in the country does not consider the down on the lip as a badge of mature manhood, and has not yet discarded the razor strop and the "bar'l" stave as barbaric instruments of punishment. —Ex.

THE STORY OF A DOG.

KID was just a dog. He had no fine pedigree and had taken no blue ribbons, but one thing he could do, he could fight. "Kid" belonged to a man called by most of his companions, "Bill." He was frequently wanted by the

police but he generally managed to elude them.

Every Saturday night Bill would be seen to enter Lancey's saloon with Kid under his arm and the people of that neighborhood knew what was up.

One night in a back room of the saloon were gathered a lot of men and all seemed to be flourishing money and taking bets. For Kid, the best light weight of fighting dogs in Santa Fe, was to fight. This in itself was a drawing card and to even up matters, he was to meet "Fighting Bob," a dog who had won fame both for himself and master.

When Bill entered he was given the "glad hand" by most of his friends, and was soon engaged in rubbing Kid down and getting him into shape.

The referee came up to Bill and asked him if he was ready. Bill replied that he was and stepped into the ring with Kid.

Kid was shaking all over, but he always acted this way before a fight. Not that he was the least bit afraid, but was eager to get at it.

The referee called time, and Bill slipped Kid's leash, and stepped out of the ring. Bob's mas-

ter did likewise and both dogs stood face to face. They knew exactly what to do, they had faced other dogs hundreds of times in the same way, and they went right in to win.

Kid had about sized his opponent up and he knew that Bob was at least five pounds heavier, and was all hard, fighting meat. He began to realize that he had met his match.

In the first round Kid had all he could do to keep his enemy from closing in and getting the throat hold, but managed to keep up his end of the fight. But he knew it was only a question of time when Bob would get him. But Kid was game and never would give up. He had put more dogs to the bad in his time than any other fighting dog in Santa Fe.

In the third round he got a little the better of his opponent and the man had a hard time separating them at the end of this round.

When Kid started into the fourth he was shakey. He had fought his best, and was bleeding and scarred in a dozen places. Nevertheless he never drew back for a moment. It was slap, bang from the start. He must either do for

Bob or it would "be all day" with him. He could feel Bob closing in and felt his legs give under him and all seemed dim. He heard the men urging him on and knew that he was about gone. Then every thing went out and all was black to him. He could just hear a dull hum and that was all.

When Bill went to his home that night it was without his small companion who had fought many a hard fight for him. He seemed down cast and didn't stop for a bracer as was his usual custom when accompanied by Kid. He went straight home. After he had reached his little room in the top floor of a broken down building, in the lower part of the city, he tried to forget Kid, but try as he might he could not. There in one corner was an old coat which was Kid's bed, and there was his old tin pan. Everything seemed to remind him of Kid. Bill tried to swear and forget it but he couldn't. He seemed to see Kid over on that old coat, and right then he made up his mind to do better and quit "dog scrapping."

About two years after this Bill was working on the Railroad earning good hard cash, and often when he met "old pals" of his,

they would look at one another and wonder if this was the same Bill they used to know. For there was something wrong; he wouldn't swear, and wouldn't drink. Surely there was a change, but they couldn't quite make it out and contented themselves by saying, "Bill's all right only he's just a little bit off, since he lost the Kid."

H. A. S.

Y. M. C. A.

OFFICERS

C. J. Churchman, President
C. F. Spencer, Vice-President
J. H. Burdett, Secretary and Treas.

Owing to the fact that the days are longer and it is not dark at 7 o'clock, the meetings are now postponed until 7:30 p. m. Many of the boys, in fact nearly all, like to stroll around the campus after supper, and 7 o'clock is so early now. Now, boys, we only have a few more meetings of the Y. M. C. A., so lets get together and make them all full of life and interest. Come over and bring some one else, encourage it with your presence.

It is a great joy to see the interest being shown in the Bible class,

it is increasing in number also.

The study is very interesting as well as instructive. Capt. Spencer is a fine teacher and popular with the cadets and the class is a great success. A few of the members haven't been attending regularly, but those who do attend seem very highly pleased. Meet with us some Saturday night, boys, and see for yourselves what we are doing. That is the best way to find out. We always are glad to have any visitors who may drop in with us.

Personal

JOHN HOLMES.

It may be of interest to the Alumni to know that Holmes, alias "Squire," died very suddenly on the night of April 19th of paralysis. To all appearances he was in perfect health when he retired for the night. He was found about 3 o'clock in the morning in bed, and an examination revealed the fact that he must have died some time before.

The whole corps of cadets had a great deal of respect for "Squire" and we miss his lusty calls for "First." 'Tis needless to say that he took a lively interest in all of

our athletic contests, and on several occasions he was given the largest number of votes as having the most "school spirit." Our games will appear incomplete now without his familiar face, and as a fitting tribute to his "profession" in life, it has been said that he could wait on and handle more people in a dining-room than any other man in the state.

R. I. P.

The train on the Southern branch between Harrisonburg and Manassas having come to a stop, Cadet Gallagher went out to investigate. When he came back some one asked: "What is the trouble, Gallagher?" "Oh, said Gallagher, "The engine broke down and they are hunting for a piece of string. They're rubbing the wheels with Yeager's Liniment, good for man or beast."

It is rumored that J. W. A. Holmes has given up the idea of going west, that the lonesome look has left his face and he once more whistles a merry tune. Who can explain the reason?

MODERN GEOGRAPHY.

Maj. Roller to Crickenberger R:
 "What mountains separate Asia
 and Europe?"

Crickenberger R: "The Blue
 Ridge, sir."

Maj. Roller; "Harry, what
 county of Virginia is most celebrat-
 ed for its fine horses?"

Parkins, H; "Arabia, sir."

Col. Roller; "Mr. Houff, where
 is California?"

Houff: "In Tennessee."

Teter, C.: "Matthews, have
 you a dime novel to trade?"

Matthews: "Yes I have, 'Big
 Foot Howard's Revenge.'"

Teter, C.: "Is it very long?"

Matthews: "No, you can easily
 finish it during study hour."

STORY

DURING the Summer of 1905,
 I was very much interested
 in schools for boys. On request,
 many catalogues were sent me from
 different institutions, among them
 being one from the Augusta Mili-
 tary Academy, known to most peo-
 ple as Rollers. Mother had told
 me I could have the privilege of

choosing the school for my educa-
 tion. Looking over each cata-
 logue with much interest and study-
 ing the rules and regulations very
 carefully, I decided that Rollers
 was the place for me. I think it
 was about the twentieth of August
 that I commenced packing my
 trunk and making preparations to
 leave the twentieth of the follow-
 ing month, any way I did not
 start soon enough, for when I
 reached school I found things I
 most needed were left behind. Es-
 pecially extra paddings in certain
 parts of my trousers. Just before
 I said good-bye to all at home, I
 had a snap shot taken. I had often
 heard about the hazing at military
 schools, and not being sure whether
 I would come out alive or not,
 wanted mother to have something to
 remember me by. I took the not-
 ed branch of the B. & O. which
 passes through the principal cities
 between Lexington and Harrison-
 burg, Staunton and Fort De-
 fiance being the most important
 ones. I had traveled on many
 railroads, but this one outclassed
 them all. Really it was almost im-
 possible to stay in the seat without
 being securely fastened. It was an
 agreeable surprise to me when I ar-
 rived at the station and one of

the old boys walked up, took my suit case and showed me to the rear of the station where a rubber tire trap was waiting. How I wondered why he should choose me to be the honored one from the numerous boys who came on the same train. He placed the suit case in the front seat with him leaving the rear seat all to myself. When we reached the school I was greeted by the principal, who seemed to be very much surprised when I told him my name, ignorant of the fact that I had been mistaken for a professor. I knew that there was something wrong when he called the boy aside, (after showing me to his office) and told him his mistake. Jumping into the trap, he disappeared and soon returned with some one whom I took to be a "rat." Later I found out he was little, but possessing a bright and instructive mind. After being interviewed by the principal, I was turned out to spend the rest of the afternoon in anxiety: I wondered what I should do. I tried to look pleasant, and to make friends with some of the boys who were having so much fun, and appearing to be absolutely happy. Everytime I would say anything they would cut me so short it made

me red in the face.

What was I to do? Nothing but wring my hands and pray for time to pass. My trunk did not come till the next day so I was compelled to impose upon good nature and bunk with a friend. Could have hardly called him friend, for it seemed to me as if I had no friends on earth. What a miserable night I spent expecting every moment to be yanked out and stood on my head, or tied in a sheet and hung out of the window, and to have numerous other pranks played on me. We heard the bugle at ten o'clock, and found out that it meant "go to bed." We had not more than crawled in until some one came "busting in" and yelled RIGHT. My heart choked me; thought sure it was the death signal. I managed after so long a time to say yes, for I knew it was coming. Out he went and away. Scared? yes we were stiff. I could hear the heart of my bedfellow beating with a quick jerk. We lay unable to speak for some time, finally he said I wish I was at home. How queer he should think of home at such an hour. I could not give home a thought, for my mind was too busy planning the best way to escape in case we were

attacked. Minutes passed like hours. We lay and waited, unable to sleep, move, or speak. All seemed to be quiet with the exception of an occasional bark from a neighboring dog. At a late hour as no one disturbed us, I fell into a doze. Had not much more than closed my eyes until I was awakened with a quick jerk by my friend who informed me with trembling voice that he heard foot-steps approaching. The sound grew louder, I grew weaker. The door was thrown open, a light was flashed in my face; in a moment it vanished. I suppose we appeared to be lost in slumber land, we were lost but it was in a small room. Later we were enlightened to the fact that the commotion was due to the commandant's midnight inspection.

Time passed but "oh how slow." I would fall into a doze at times only to be wakened to explain the cause for a slight noise my friend had heard. It is impossible to explain the delight that came to us when we noticed the dawning of day, for six hours before we expected never to see daylight again. At seven o'clock the bugle blew "I can't get 'em up." It is needless to say it had little trouble in getting me up. A boy dropped in

and told us what to do. I went down and was put in ranks for the first time. I was standing with my feet about twelve inches apart when an officer walked by and gave my right one such a "cisy" I came near landing on my head, at the same time shouting out some angles and degrees which were all Greek to me. What a mean set of fellows I thought to myself, but knew from experience how one felt on rising. When my name was called I answered HERE, at the same time a fist landed between my shoulder, accompanied with the gruff words, "head up, shoulders back." How often I had heard the term used, but never had it so vividly impressed upon me before. It was so sudden that my hat went one way and my head the other. I managed to catch the latter before it detached itself from my body. What would I do if this kept up? I knew they would not feel quite so savage by the next formation. From their actions I think they must have grown heartless. After breakfast, by accident, I became acquainted with some of the Rats who seemed to be as bad off in the frightened line as myself. The old boys would not notice us and this made me feel as if I wished I

hadn't come. An examination on my part made the day pass more quickly. The next night things grew lively; so lively, that it was impossible to remember the different stunts I went through for the amusement of those who had the power to command.

G. L. C.

EXCHANGES.

This has been a very busy month with us and consequently some of our exchanges have been more or less neglected, that is from a critical standpoint, so we refrain from commenting on any one in particular. However we notice that the proverbial "spring fever" does not seem to have attacked the various editors and their associates, the issues as a rule being up to their respective standards.

We acknowledge with pleasure the following papers: St. Vincent College Journal, The Cadet of Columbia Military Academy, M. H. S. Bulletin, The Sketch Book, T. M. I. Bugle, College Topics, Ring Tum Phi, Goodson Gazette, The Tech of V. P. I. The Monthly Chronicle, The C. H. S. Book-Strap, The Reveille, University School Topics and others.

REVIEW OF BATTING.

The chief weakness of the A. M.

A. team this season has been in batting, for outside of Major Roller and Capt. Spencer, very little consistent hitting has been done. However, our hits have often been timely, and this accounts for some of the largeness of the scores. In 12 games we have made 82 runs against 102 by opponents, and have won 4 games lost 7, tied 1, giving us an average of .363.

Below is record of individual batting through the second Fishburne game. The columns from left to right reading: Games played in, Times at Bat, Base Hits, Sacrifice Hits, Base on Balls or Hit by Pitcher, Times Struck out, and percentage:

	G	AB	H	SH	BB	SO	Pc.
Roller, T. J.	1	18	6	0	2	4	.333
Roller, C. S.	12	50	17	1	6	2	.340
Spencer, C.F.	12	52	14	1	4	6	.270
Burdett,	12	50	10	0	4	15	.200
Wunder,	3	10	2	0	3	3	.200
Gardner, M.	10	36	7	0	2	15	.195
Gallagher,	12	44	6	2	4	17	.136
Cook,	10	34	4	2	6	11	.118
Gardner, S.	7	30	3	0	1	6	.118
Warner,	5	21	2	0	1	2	.099
Pole,	12	27	3	0	12	14	.001
Clarkson,	4	6	0	0	0	1	.000
Spencer, M.	2	5	0	0	1	1	.000

..Miscellaneous..

"LOST"

Lost a small boy about six feet tall and weighing two hundred and fifty pounds; when last seen he was barefooted, and had on a pair of his father's old shoes, and was

heroically trying to sprinkle salt on the tail of a Jay bird. He was famed for his good disposition and was always fighting the neighbor's boys, and killing his Mothers chickens. He doesn't like to eat that is too slow a process; he just stuffs. He, took his "German pony" with him, which was so poor you could almost see through it.

MAKING THE BEST OF THINGS

The contented man is the happy man. He enjoys life more, doesn't get discouraged and is satisfied. He does not always go around complaining of his hard luck.

The discontented man is always grumbling, he never thinks that a misfortune could have been worse. He never sees the bright lining to the dark clouds, he is no pleasure to his friends and is generally very unpopular. Not so with the boy who makes the best of things, he has a bright smile and a word of encouragement for every one. He is very popular and receives a glad welcome from every one. Fellows, we have to make the best of things or we have to grumble.

Lets resolve to be contented and thus to make the world better for our having lived in it.

There is a bright side to every cloud, lets always try to see it. If we have a misfortune it doesn't

help a bit to get dissatisfied and grumble.

It does help though if we make the best of it, it makes us feel better, have more respect for ourselves. The world and our friends look up to us with admiration.

You can see examples of this every day, watch the man who looks on the bright side of life, then the one who looks for the dark side only. The lives of the men will speak for themselves and you can easily see which one is the happier and gets the most out of life.

THE JOLLY FAT MEN

At a meeting of the jolly fat men of A. M. A. last week, Brother Doss was chosen President, with the honorary title of "Most noble custodian of the Food," bestowed on account of his special talent in that direction. Brother Carson, was honored with the vice-presidency, his talent being not so developed as the president's, but we look for an improvement. Brother Jeffries was chosen Secretary and Treasurer, and he will certainly „treasure" anything left by the president and vice-president.

The word, "more" was taken as the "pass" word and "sleep more."

Munroe and Matthews were chosen members. Munroe was made custodian of the "get-fat quick-tonic". Matthews was voted, "most high wielder of the knife and fork".

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